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INTRODUCTORY.



IT having been determined to devote this number of the HISTORICAL RECORD to the preservation of the proceedings of the national centennial celebration as observed in Iowa City, April 30th, 1889, commemorative of the first inauguration of Washington as president of the United States, a word of explanation is perhaps called for.

It seems proper that an event so important and so universally observed, should be testified to historically in a form for permanent preservation, and easily accessible for reference at the next recurrence of this centennial period. Most cities of Iowa, as of all the country, held similar celebrations, but it would be impossible to record the observance of more than one in our work. That which occurred in Iowa City is selected for this purpose, both on account of propriety and convenience, as a fair sample of them all, and cannot be faulted on the ground of localism. No city is more representative of Iowa than the first permanent capital of the territory and state, around which twine the historical memories of half a century and more. Here is the "old capitol," a monument of our pioneer government, the voices of whose orators seem

to linger in its halls, as the sound of the roaring sea is heard in the empty shell. Here are the graves of Lucas, our first governor, of Carleton, the admirable judge, of Folsom, the deep counselor, stamped with the eccentricity of genius, of Griffith, the most illustrious young soldier of Iowa, and if we refer for the nonce to the living, here is the home of Kirkwood, the war governor, toward whom every head in Iowa is reverently bent. Again, here are the learned and learning of the State University, spreading out, in its multiplied departments, on a stupendous scale, and sending its nourishing influences to the furthestmost parts of the commonwealth. And here too is the seat of the State Historical Society, whose office it is to collect and preserve these materials for future history.

In the First Presbyterian Church of Iowa City, in the forenoon of April 30th, 1889, after the service suggested by Rt. Rev. William Stevens Perry, D. D., Episcopal bishop of Iowa, as representing that attended by Washington in St. Paul's Chapel, New York City, on the day of his inauguration, the pastor of the Congregational Church of Iowa City, Rev. M. A. Bullock, delivered the following

ADDRESS.

Psalm xcy, 2—Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving,
and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

One hundred years ago, a new nation inaugurated its president and set in motion the wheels of administration, which, in their main features, still remain and bear grandly forward the machinery of government.

But like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision, they are full of life, and their rims are full of eyes, and every part of American life is noted, for the spirit of a living government is in the wheels, and on the firmament borne up by this living power is a movable throne, dear to the popular heart, because it expresses its desires and is coëxtensive with its will.

One hundred years! A century of national life and

progress! A long time in individual experience, but a short time in the history of nations. England, Russia and other European governments point you to several centuries of national life and history, and proudly declare that their governments have witnessed all the great events in Christian civilization. China turns the pages of its venerated histories and shows you the annals of millennial periods and proudly says: "In the dim twilight of your mythical ages our government was old in years, and our emperors ruled over the fairest part of the earth."

What then is a single century? Why has there been a proclamation making this a national holiday? Why in every town of importance throughout this vast republic do the citizens of the commonwealth assemble in meetings similar to this? Why does the *30th of April, 1889*, have a greater significance to us than *April 30th* had in 1888? Not simply because it completes a century of national life, but because it completes that century in accordance with *certain fixed principles*, dear to the American heart, peculiar to the American people, and indicative of that strength of character and of government which has elevated this young nation to a position second to none in the history of the world. That is why we come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

We shall not forget in this joyful celebration the man who one hundred years ago was inaugurated president of the young republic. His character, like the influence of the New England fathers, has left its impress upon American life, and has helped to shape the destiny of the nation.

The name of Washington will be handed down from generation to generation as the father of his country. The century has produced but one other man whose name can be yoked with that of Washington,—Lincoln, the savior of his country. We may say that circumstances made these men great; nay, their greatness lay in the fact that they were equal to the emergency which circumstances thrust upon them and

the people. Other men may have had the same inherent qualities of greatness, but God called them to be leaders in times of special danger and of great moment to the commonwealth.

It is well then that we note briefly the elements of manhood which made Washington great, and mark the influence of his character in the development of our national life, and then look for a moment upon the fruitage of the century.

It was not alone the skill of *Colonel* Washington who led successfully his men against the Indian warriors, that marked him as the coming man of his day, but it was the bulk of his manhood. His wisdom increased with his responsibility. His energy was commensurate with his wisdom, and his patience was all the more marked because of the slanders and opposition of those who were jealous of him. Men were not all saints in those days; they were not all patriots; they did not all sympathize with the men struggling for the rights laid down in the Declaration of Independence. Some men were only too glad to take advantage of adverse circumstances.

Washington and his men at Valley Forge, suffering, patient, alert, patriotic, appeal no less to the American heart, and touch a responsive chord, than when with consummate daring they cross the Delaware and march to the capture of Trenton. Such was his balance of character that adverse winds did not unnerve him, and the treachery of supposed friends did not deter him from duty. Nor did the renowned victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown inflate him with pride and fill him with unholy ambition. Honors came to him because he had earned them, and were thrust upon him not because he sought them.

It was a glorious victory which he achieved over Cornwallis; it was a greater victory and much more glorious when conquering any latent ambition which might lurk within his heart, he spurned the kingly crown which the soldiery would have placed upon his own brow. In that act reflecting his true manhood, his patriotism, his honesty, his character shines

forth in the clearness of sunlight, and we see the *citizen* who had not forgotten his country, nor the principles for the support of which, relying on the protection of Divine Providence the people mutually pledged to one another their lives, fortunes and sacred honor. If when called to the presidency of the United States, he clothed the office with a dignity not always maintained in after years, it is because the dignity of *his department* has not always been handed down to his successors. He was a gentleman of the old school; courteous, formal, yet kind in heart, pure in his affections and intensely patriotic. He loved the retirement of his own beautiful plantation on the banks of the Potomac; and, having led the armies of the republic to glorious victory, he would gladly have spent his remaining days in honorable retirement as a private citizen. But unanimously called to official life, he surrenders the happiness of home life to the call of his country. But after eight years of service, in obedience to his convictions of duty, and in consonance with his own desires, he declines re-election to an office which might have been held for life, and in that declination gave expression to such views of government which have made it one of the most remarkable state papers in our history. In it he lays down certain fundamental principles in accordance with which our nation has had its remarkable growth. He saw the danger of a loose confederation of states and said to the people: "Remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable."

In our growth in territory we have not forgotten this wise admonition. We have worked in that line, and though it took a civil war to establish the government permanently on that basis, yet it has been done, and in this centennial year we rejoice in the complete development of that principle in our national life. We, the people, are one nation, not a confederation of principalities, and this unity of government is the result

of that *vigor of administration which is begotten of great ideas*. The end for which a nation is called into being must be great, far-reaching, humanitarian, then will its administration be vigorous, its development glorious, and its permanency secure.

We declared in the beginning that it was our conviction "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." On this memorable day we renew our conviction, and thank God that through the vigor of our government those words mean more to-day to the American people than ever before in our history. And we agree with Washington, that "to the efficacy and permanency of our union a government for the whole is indispensable" and that geographical distinctions are inimical to good government. We believe with him, that the true foreign policy is to "observe good faith and justice toward all nations; (and to) cultivate peace and harmony with all." We also believe with him that "all obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities are destructive of the fundamental ideas of government and of fatal tendencies. Thus did his prescient mind forecast some of the problems with which we have wrestled and give wise counsel as to the management of the ship of state.

Washington was a man of strong religious convictions. From these he derived his strength of manhood. He never tried to hide these convictions, but like President Harrison he showed the people his heart, and opened the door to its innermost shrine. Listen to these words from his farewell address: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." It was in this belief that our New England forefathers laid the foundation of a Christian

nation; in this belief that they established Christian colleges and churches; and it is in accordance with this conviction that the educational system of the government has developed,—a system whose aim is to furnish opportunities for the best education, and to inculcate likewise sound teachings in morals and religion.

The experience of the last century has taught us that freedom of speech and of worship is in harmony with strong government and religious growth. Intellectual strength and conscientious worship are in accord. We have found that public education can be Christian without being bigoted or sectarian. It needed just such a government as the United States to demonstrate that fact to the world and in the fullness of time God called this nation into being, and entrusted unto it a mission whose fulfillment is only just begun. Why should not we come into His presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms? Under the fostering care of our government it is possible for man, untrammelled by bigoted rule, to make the most of himself for Christ and humanity. He fears neither the Siberian mines nor the bulls of excommunication, but rejoices in that liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free and will not again be entangled with the yoke of bondage.

Our religious advantages and our educational system have their safeguards in the very genius of our government. Knowledge seems to be indigenous to the soil. When a few years ago Lord Coleridge visited us, he said that he was greatly impressed while in this country, not by its size, for it is not so large as Africa, nor its wealth, for he had seen that in England, nor its great cities, for Europe has greater, *but with the surprising intelligence of the average citizen, and the wide diffusion of knowledge which is everywhere apparent.* This is the outgrowth of American ideas fostered by American government. All must admit that in many respects our school system is superior. Means are provided for the education of those whose poverty would otherwise keep them in

ignorance. Asylums are provided for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, and unfortunate. These tokens of applied Christianity meet us in every state. Colleges and universities—the very best—invite us to their halls of learning; and our list of learned men—eminent scholars, jurists, statesmen, authors, poets, divines, has shed luster upon the government under whose patronage all institutions of learning and benevolence are protected. Here as in no other land science and religion hand in hand may come before His presence with thanksgiving and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

During the century we have grown not only in power and influence but in territory. The sun rises from the Atlantic, where it washes our shores. His brightness gleams from mountain peak to mountain peak on the rock-ribbed fastnesses of the continent, and at eventide he dips under the waters of the Pacific which lave American soil. From the great lakes to the gulf our rivers run and steamers ply. "Our shore line reaches 33,069 miles, and the extent of our navigable rivers is more than 40,000 miles." We are indeed most delightfully and happily situated. We are far enough removed from European nations to be free from any immediate danger which may threaten them. Our resources enable us to export largely and accumulate wealth. And should we be threatened with war by other nations, our location is such, and our territory so extensive that we can produce all necessary means for our defense and sustenance and still add to the luxuries of life. We have gold, silver, lead, copper, iron and tin; coal in abundance, forests for ship timber and buildings, and lands capable of producing unlimited harvests. The bread which we eat, the clothes which we wear, the munitions of war and the husbandry of peace;—all are ours, the products of our own industry. We have a beautiful land; broad, rich prairies, elevated table lands, mountains and valleys, and scenery than which none other is more beautiful and picturesque. We have a climate adapted to all kinds of life. The healthseeker can roam from a northern temperate climate to one which is nearly

tropical. We have over 1,926,000,000 broad acres, a territory nearly ten times as large as Great Britain and France combined. This then is the country the century has brought to us; the century governed by the ideas of Washington and the New England fathers. Surely the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage. But all our vast material prosperity; the continent bound in a network of steel, the white sails of commerce in many waters, the products of the soil, our growing cities and commercial interests, these alone do not constitute the state for whose century of growth we thank God to-day.

“No; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forests, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute the state;
And sovereign law, that state’s collected will,
O’er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

Yes *law*, of which the eloquent Hooker has said, “her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her, the mother of their peace and joy.” Such law, the will of God, embodied in human institutions and enactments constitute the state whose high ideal is lifted before the eyes of the American people as the prize toward which they press with vigor on. Such law, like the shining stars, drops perpetual light upon the people who live under its reign and receive its benediction. Such law—

“Beyond the flaming bounds of place and time
The living throne, the sapphire blaze—”

binds angels, archangels, the hosts of God—shall I say the Eternal Throne itself? for

“Nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.”

The principles of such law have sought embodiment in American life during the past century, and in proportion as we have received them, we have made progress, and our progress has been marked. I firmly believe that we have a higher standard of morality in common life than Washington saw in his day; that intelligence is more widely diffused; that religion has a stronger hold upon the everlasting gospel, and a deeper root in human hearts. The nation's conscience is quickened, and moral reforms are making marked progress.

Never was the nation more anxious to defend and uplift its citizens; never has it watched with more jealous care their rights. The nation achieved great strength when it cut loose the web of slavery. Its strength is increasing with every onward step looking toward the emancipation of the people from the power of a no less insidious foe. What are the great questions before the people?—*Temperance, ballot reform, the best public service.* Secure them—and another century will see it—and we have a government beyond which the millennial period is not so very far removed. The century has borne witness to the truth of Solomon's proverb: “Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.” Our greatest prosperity has been when we were inspired with the vigor of righteous life. The days of Grecian prosperity were not the days of Draco, when Grecian laws were “written in blood,” but they were the days of the wise Solon and of the statesmen Themistocles and Pericles, who, unconsciously it may be, had learned that “He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his maker, but he that honoreth him hath mercy on the poor.”

We have only a century's growth, but it has been a period of remarkable development. The poor are protected in their rights; woman is exalted and knowledge is within the reach of all. In this short period we have created a literature.

Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Bancroft and others of rising fame bear witness to our intellectual life. Science has achieved wonders and her eminent men honor their government.

Checkered though our national life has been with good and evil,³ yet its aim has been toward better things. Each decade witnesses a higher standard of life, greater wealth, greater prosperity, and a more widely diffused intelligence. And to-day the republic stands as the protector of art, science, and religion, freedom of worship and of speech, and the patron of every high and lofty undertaking. Did China have an established government while other nations were in the twilight of their mythical periods? America sprang into being when the sun was shining in its strength, and its century of progress has witnessed the most wonderful advancement in learning the world ever dreamed of. The inventions of the day are marvels, yet such is the assimilation of the present day, they are received as a "matter of course"—the natural outcome of nineteenth century life.

The influence of the religious life of America is felt in every part of the earth. All nationalities come to our shores. All nationalities receive the impress of our religious life; and this fact has led us to aspire unto a great undertaking, viz.: the conversion of the world to the truth as it is in Christ, our Lord.

"Ah, land of liberty and light, the world
Hath not yet learned thee, what thou art.
They know not in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide.
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen."

"What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared
In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams."

Christian truth is gaining great victories. The land of Washington and Lincoln is on its onward march to better life and more vigorous administration. The great social and moral questions of the age are to be settled on American soil. They will not be settled through the partisan spirit against which Washington warned us, but in accordance with those high *ideals* of government and morality which are so brightly reflected from his character. To *these ideals* attracting to higher and holier life we owe all our grandeur in national growth. The men who are to rule our future will be men of *Washington's stamp*; men who look above self to their country's good; *men who are not eager for office, but whom office seeks*: men who accept office as a sacred trust from the Almighty Ruler over all. Such men will be our leaders, and will help to usher in that day when through the triumphant settlement of the moral and social problems of the age, the earth shall be renewed by the gospel of peace, and the spirit of God shall brood over all.

I see in the future a new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. I see a new city, bright with the glory of the eternal light of the King. I see its jasper walls and crystal stream; its trees of life, its Great White Throne. I see the saints of God with harps of gold, in raiment white, surround that Throne. I see the dazzling glory of the King.

I HEAR music, heavenly music, soft, melodious, angelic harmony: a new song of love unto Him who through His own blood, has saved us from sin, and made us kings and priests unto our God forevermore. I *hear* in this renewed and glorified kingdom the song of triumph:—"Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."

The day was duly celebrated at St. Patrick's Church. A large congregation being assembled, High Mass of thanksgiving commenced at 9 o'clock A. M., after which an appro-

priate sermon was preached by Rev. Father Smyth. We can give but a review of the sermon. Taking as his text the words of St. Paul to the Romans: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God."—Chap. XIII, v. 1., he spoke substantially as follows:

The church, my dear brethren, teaches and has always taught the duty of obedience to lawfully constituted authority. Without obedience we could not have order, and without order we could not have civilized society. Beyond this duty of obedience and loyalty the church does not go. She gives no expression to a preference for any form of government—that question is outside her province. We are simply commanded to be good, loyal citizens, under whatever form of government our lot may be cast. It is, my brethren, our privilege and blessing to live in a nation, under a form of government where obedience is easy and patriotism a pleasure. Here every man enjoys the largest measure of liberty compatible with good order and intelligent jurisprudence; this is true liberty. Here every man is free in the exercise of his religious convictions, and more than this no man should desire. What wonder then that from every true patriotic Christian heart, there goes up to-day to the Father of all an act of thanksgiving for the benefits we enjoy?

Many of us know from experience the evils that afflict a misgoverned people. They are countless, but I mention a few—hunger, death from starvation, the prison cell with its plank bed, exile, the scaffold, and the countless horrors of war. Ireland's history from the day the invader landed to the present moment is a record of tyranny and rapine on the one side and suffering and unsuccessful revolts on the other. While I speak some of her best sons,—gentlemen—true gentlemen, who in this land of freedom would easily win honor and position, are confined in dismal cells and the blood is trickling from their lacerated fingers; lacerated in the degrading work of picking oakum. While I speak midnight is red with the fires of the burning homes of the people. We are not so familiar

with the histories of other nations, but we know at least this—that in them the people, as distinguished from the ruling classes, are despised, ignored, suppressed. To satisfy the avarice and ambition of the rulers they were and are to this day snatched from their homes and the peaceful pursuits of life and forced into military service. Willing or unwilling, let the cause of war be just, or unjust, march they must up to the cannon's mouth and sacrifice their lives to satisfy the humors of their lords and masters. Oh; count if you can the evils that follow from this state of things; estimate if you will the enormous taxes under which these people groan. If standing armies and wars are the toys with which nobles play, the people, the common people like you and me, are the persons who must bear the burden. What wonder that their streets and byways are filled with paupers? The furnace filled with fire belches forth volumes of smoke, for smoke is the natural product of fire, but it is no more so than is pauperism the consequence of class government. How different things are here. Here we live in peace and if not in prosperity the fault is our own. Here if we have heavy taxation it is placed on us by our own votes. Here if we have laws that are disagreeable we have the power in our own hands to abolish them. The ballot in your hand is one of your greatest earthly privileges; it is the crown that tells of your freedom; it is the scepter of your power; it is the palladium of your manhood. Oh; when I hear of men bartering away this priceless jewel for some money consideration, or some miserable intoxicating drinks, I am forced to exclaim aloud that some men are born to be slaves. A true American citizen should cast his ballot intelligently, honorably, conscientiously and before God. Mark you, not one of the evils that afflict other nations but might be upon us now, had the founders of this republic been more selfish or less intelligent. True, worthy patriots, aided as I believe by the Allwise God, they founded a free nation for free men and their children, have handed it down to us unsullied and unbroken. 'Tis for this we give thanks to-day.

One of the grandest principles of our American constitution is religious toleration, religious freedom. The two words "penal laws" recall to an Irishman's mind years of suffering and martyrdom for conscience sake, that are a disgrace to civilization. I recall them but that we may appreciate the better the liberties we enjoy. Every hillside in Ireland was reddened with blood of her martyrs. Not one of her beautiful streams that did not carry down to the sea the blood of her people shed for conscience sake. Religious tumults, hatred and ill will among neighbors have afflicted that unfortunate nation for hundreds of years. Nor is Ireland's case exceptional. The history of every European country has its dismal chapters of persecution, of religious warfare, of pillage and enmity and ill will. And all this is in the name of that sweetest gift of God to man—religion. I admit that the spirit of the age had much to do with these disgraceful scenes; but let the historian who wishes to read deeper than skin deep examine thoroughly and he will find that the power that set this system of evil in motion was the hereditary lawmakers—the privileged classes, and that the people—the common people—were but their tools, their dupes, their fools. The founders of our republic resolved to have nothing to do with religious strife. They resolved to emancipate religion, and to-day the world applauds their prudence. This system of toleration descends from our founders and from our rulers, and pervades the hearts and minds of our people; and hence it is that we have the beautiful spectacle of people of all denominations living in harmony—all free to serve God according to their consciences—all satisfied with this happy state of things. From time to time a fanatical bigot arises and attempts to disturb the religious harmony of the people. The great American people let him talk himself hoarse—he sits down, he has no hearers, no followers, he is ashamed of himself. This is the glorious fruit of American religious liberty.

Now, my dear people, what do we owe to this great nation? We owe her love, obedience, loyalty. We are no strangers

here. Our blood mingled with the blood of other citizens in securing American independence and in maintaining it when it was secured. We should yield to none of them in loyalty and good citizenship. How shall we do this? I will give you the shortest rule—let us be true to our God—let us observe his law faithfully and we can not be bad American citizens.

In the afternoon the following proceedings, on the part of the authorities and students of the State University and the citizens of Iowa City generally, were held at the Opera House.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

[Prof. J. L. Pickard taking the place of President Schaeffer who was unable to be present.]

July 4, 1776 a child was born into the family of nations, by no means a welcome intruder. For seven years its life hung trembling in the balance. The only lullaby it heard was from the fife and drum; its rattle was the rattle of musketry; its play things were sabres and cannon balls. Without prestige and without means the fair maid won in six years more her independence. One hundred years ago to-day, as she nears her thirteenth birthday, Columbia steps proudly upon the stage, holding to the hand of him whose form was often bowed over her cradle in prayer, whose eye watched her tottering steps and whose heart beat with affection for the child of his love. Columbia stepping to the front, sings:—

“Hail to the chief! the thrilling call
Is echoing in the April air,
And martial feet resounding fall
And flags are floating everywhere.”

Turning then to the thronging multitudes whose eager questioning she answers, she says: “As you step from one century, whose beginning none of you saw, into a century whose ending none present will witness, remember that by the valor of your sires I was permitted to witness the beginning,

by the bravery and sacrifice of your brothers my life has been spared to the end. By the devotion of your sons, and through the loyalty of their sons even to the latest generation will Columbia live till time shall be no more. I would have you remember the lessons of many silent graves, of forms with sightless eyes, with crippled limbs, with tottering steps moving together rejoicing in the thought that by their valor was my life preserved. From all lands have my lovers come, and shoulder to shoulder have they stood a living wall between me and danger.

“With but a single exception did the ships of all nations testify their respect as Washington’s barge was rowed under their sides to the pier in New York. Over this ship floated proudly the one flag alone of Spain. But as the barge came abreast of her, port holes were opened, salvos of artillery rang from her sides, and, as if by magic, she blossomed from mast head to deck, and from stem to stern with the colors of all nations. This tribute was complete. Thus complete has continued the loyalty of all people who have been welcomed to my home.

“I would have you remember the no less heroic sacrifice of the women who gave up at my call, sons, husbands, brothers and lovers.

“In those among you growing old, the sightless, the maimed, the infirm, we see repeated the sacrifices made by the heroes of a century ago. As their memories are held sweet and tender so shall be yours while Columbia lives—and that shall be forever.”

ADDRESS FOR COLLEGIATE DEPARTMENT.

BY FRANK P. WRIGHT.

When the war of the revolution was finally ended, and the thoughts of men turned once more to peaceful pursuits the weakness of the government under which they had gained their liberty began to be realized. Washington was one of the first to recognize the need of a stronger government. He it was who fully realized the great difficulties under which the

country had acquired its independence. Now that it was acquired, he felt it his duty to do his utmost to preserve its existence.

With this in mind he appealed to the people, through a circular letter addressed to the governors of the several states, admonishing them to form a new constitution that should give consistency, stability and dignity to the union. Grasping the situation in its broadest significance, he pointed out in detail the objects to be desired and the dangers to be avoided. This letter found its way into every household in the land and aroused the country to a sense of the dangers before it. Impressed by this appeal, the people demanded, through the newspapers of the day, a revision of the constitution, not by Congress, but by a convention authorized for the purpose. This wide-spread demand at last bore fruit in the assembling at Annapolis, of a trade convention of the five central states, which, departing from its original design, recommended to Congress to call a national convention for the purpose of revising the articles of confederation.

But Congress, jealous of the little power which it possessed, was loth to see its own authority grow less, and hesitated to accede to the demand. But finally, yielding to the exigencies of the times, they recommended to the states to appoint delegates to a convention to be held in Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787.

The body of men which assembled in answer to this call for the unprecedented purpose of reforming the system of government combined the chief ability, moral and intellectual, of the country, and in the great task assigned to them they exhibited a wisdom, a courage and a capacity superior even to that famous Congress which twelve years before had occupied the same hall and pointed the way to independence. Washington, the leader of the Virginia delegation, who with characteristic promptness had arrived at the appointed time, was the unanimous choice for president of the convention.

The choice proved most fortunate, for the love which

the people of the country felt for this man, to whom, more than any other, they owed their freedom, was almost the only tie that bound them.

In the stormy times that followed during the four months in which the convention was in session it required all the judgment and firmness of Washington to prevent its dissolution before it had finished the great task for which it had been assembled. Slowly and through endless debate the convention worked out its plan of government; such a form of government as they finally proposed had hitherto been unknown to the science of politics. The structure was a special creation brought forward to meet the pressure of a great necessity. The question now presented itself, would the people accept it as a remedy. From the secret debates of the convention it went forth to become the subject of fiercer conflicts in the several states. Somewhat reluctantly and by narrow majorities the constitution was at length adopted under which the thirteen states were to become a great nation.

The first step to be taken under this new form of government was to elect a president. Upon whom could this high honor fall more fittingly than upon him whose generalship, whose patience, whose self denial had achieved and then preserved the liberty of the nation.

George Washington was the unanimous choice of the people. His final task was to set in motion the wheels of this new and untried government. On the 14th of April, 1789, he received official notification of his election and immediately started for New York. His journey thence was like a triumphant march. The people of the country through which he passed honored him with escorts and addresses; maidens strewed flowers in his path and he passed under arches crowned with laurel. If the people loved him before they almost revered him now. The measure of American veneration for this greatest of all Americans was full. On the 30th of April the streets around the old Federal Hall in New York were packed with an eager throng anxiously awaiting the performance of a cere-

mony entirely new to them. On the balcony of the hall was a table covered with crimson velvet, upon which lay a bible on a crimson cushion. At the appointed time Washington stepped out upon the balcony. His entrance was the signal for a universal shout of joy and welcome. His appearance was solemn and dignified. He stood a moment amid the shouts of the people then bowed and took the oath administered by Chancellor Livingston.

At this moment a flag was raised upon the cupola of the hall, the discharge of artillery and the ringing of bells followed and the assembled multitude again filled the air with shouts. Thus simple was the ceremonial which announced the birth of a nation, a nation founded on the principles of justice and liberty, whose birth marks an epoch in the history of the world, whose progress has been the wonder of the age.

ADDRESS OF J. W. BOLLINGER, A. B., FOR LAW
DEPARTMENT.

The centennial sun sets to-night upon a nation of grateful people. The American government is one hundred years old to-day. The series of battles from Lexington Green to Yorktown won our independence; but independence is only half our glory. The adoption of our government and the successful maintenance of our constitution complete the triumph. To-day we rejoice in the double jubilee. The history of a century proclaims with certainty that what was once an experiment is now destined to be imperishable and when we are permitted to celebrate our first president's inauguration for the one hundredth time the marvel of our constitution bespeaks the patriotism and wisdom of them who met the duties of the hour in the old Quaker City in 1787. Truly, Washington needs no monument. His voice was raised to shape our civil destiny as eagerly as his sword was girded to fight for liberty, and our constitution stands a fitting memorial of himself and his age.

On the night of the 11th of October, 1492, after the zealous explorer had suffered all the pangs of alternating hopes and fears, his anxiety was turned to joy. Far in the dim distance a light was seen—America was discovered. From that moment our nation's ultimate political destiny was fixed. I know not what rude camp-flame that might have been, but that bright light proved a prophetic symbol of America's future. Now no European journeys to our shores who does not behold the beacon light of our constitution, shedding its rays of splendor and equality as the wonder of all times.

The great constitutional convention of 1787 had before it no easy task. Conflicting interests, sectional jealousies, uncertainty as to the wisest and most practicable form of government swayed, and to some extent controlled even that august body of patriots. Numerous plans were proposed,—the plan of Randolph, the plan of Patterson, the plan of Hamilton. And when the jealousy of the states, of each other and of any central power, that embryo from which sprang all our ills and trials in our constitutional life from 1787 to the close of the rebellion, when this, the potent evil spirit of our first great plan of union, bade fair to render nugatory the best counsels of the assembled representatives of the states, then it was that the calm and wise words of Washington passed like the rod of the enchanter over the ocean of discord. Quietly, nobly, firmly, he advised the convention in regard to the members which should be allotted to the population for the election of representatives, and the dignity of his presence and the greatness of his influence calmed the intensity and the fierceness of debate.

One hundred years ago to-day, the father of his country, amid the plaudits of the new union swore to observe and preserve that constitution. For a century, each succeeding president has taken and has—honor to America—preserved this oath. We have had no Mexican revolutions, no Isthmian convulsions, no French fickleness, no South American fiascos.

Yet we have had trials. Our constitution has outlived them. To-day it stands, one and inseparable, the most elastic, the

most rigid, the most advanced constitution of all ages and eras. From the days of the resistance of the excise tax in Pennsylvania to the day when Richmond fell beneath the armies of the republic, the question of state rights has been the greatest and the only one which lay at the root of all convulsions, the only seeming question which menaced the integrity of the union.

The question of the national control of commerce, the question of the right of nullification, the question of free or slave territories, the question of the right of secession, these great and burning daughters of debate which, with intervals of many years, hurled into awful combat the mightiest of our senators—these, each and all of them sprang from the one vital question as to the nature of the federal compact, the relative power of the states and United States. This, and this only, in its varied manifestations has been the source of discord in our unity, and this question—thanks to the wise decision of arms and patriotism in 1865,—has forever passed into the realm of history. It has vanished; it has left behind only the dim and vague image of itself, an image dimmer than the ghosts which wandered in the age of Horace along the banks of the half-doubted Styx.

This then, the only and the one question of our past has forever been set to rest. This which for three quarters of a century brought to its discussion Webster, Calhoun and Clay; this which vanished when Richmond again floated the flag of the union from her state house, this question of state rights has been forever settled by the civil war.

But whatever may have been the crises of a century, they are hardly stains upon the brilliancy of the republic, advancing from three to sixty millions of people, from thirteen states to forty-two, from the tree-topped Alleghanies, on, past the snowy Sierras to the golden gate of the Pacific. To each successor the heirloom handed down by Washington has proven a more noble heritage. And from the glorious day when the constitutional convention at Philadelphia closed its splendid labors, neither the siren of Prosperity nor the red fury

of Rebellion has been able to mislead the government and constitution first guided by the wisdom of Washington. Could his precepts be remembered the second century would be grander than the first and the glory of the republic born in 1789, would rise as an eternal monument to that hero of colonial times, as long as the placid waters of the Potomac flow past his peaceful grave to the sea.

ADDRESS* BY REV. T. R. EVANS.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

It is befitting that the law should come before the gospel. For the law was given through Moses; but grace and truth came through Jesus Christ. For what the law cannot do in that it is weak through the flesh, the gospel can do in that it is strong through the Spirit. And, to our delight, law and gospel blend in the web of patriotism; and we are here to-day as patriots.

TWO CLASSES OF MEN.

There are two kinds of men in the world—men who are moulded by circumstances; men who never *do* it and yet have stacks of reasons for not doing it. They are Nature's negatives, and History's nobodies. There are men again who mould circumstances; men who always *do it*, and yet never stop to tell how it was done. They are Nature's positives, and the makers of history.

To this class belongs George Washington. He had convictions of his own. He had, moreover, courage to incarnate his convictions. The love of liberty lived in his heart, throbbed in his pulse and nerved him in the strategic struggles of his life. Bravely he bore the brunt of many battles; boldly he breasted the billows of doomful difficulties; calmly he came out more than conqueror; and hence the enormous enthusiasm through the land.

*This address was delivered extempore, and by request was afterwards written for publication. I have tried to preserve its identity. T. R. E.

Eulogies on Washington are not confined to this continent. They come to us from beyond the seas. Listen to Lord Brougham: George Washington, he says, is the greatest man that has ever lived in this world, uninspired by divine wisdom and unsustained by supernatural virtue. Give ear to Mr. Gladstone's tribute: "If all the pedestals of earth," he says, "were waiting for occupants and it devolved upon me to arrange them, I would place George Washington on the highest pedestal of all." To which I say Amen—and let all the people say Amen—here ends my panegyric.

This centennial celebration forces upon me the barren thought that I am

INELIGIBLE TO THE PRESIDENCY

of the United States. It is a great loss to the country. Why am I debarred from this imposing position? What crime have I committed against the constitution? The only crime I am guilty of is, that I was born among the mountains of Wales. And for that I am not responsible. To me the logic of the American-born on this point is lamentably lame. He argues that I am less American than he because I am foreign-born. From the self-same fact I argue that I am *more* American. He is an American from *chance* of birth, I am an American from national *choice*. I love Cambria as I love my mother, but I love Columbia as I love my wife. I left my mother to cleave to my wife; I left Cambria to cling to America.

REASONS FOR THE CHOICE.

I suffered no eviction. I am here by personal election. Three considerations had special weight in shaping my choice. The material advantages; the educational privileges; and the religious liberty enjoyed here.

In Wales the state church spreads her black wings over the consciences of the people, thrusts her unhallowed hands into their pockets, and thus lives on tyranny and plunder. Each dissenter is coerced to pay tithes to sustain an institution which he utterly abhors. Whereas in America every one is free to

worship according to the dictates of his conscience; church and state are separate, and what God hath separated let no man join together. Now, lest my little speech be void by *generality*, I will emphasize

LOYALTY TO LAW—

the loftiest lesson of the day. Righteous law is the element of liberty. In law liberty lives, moves and has her being. "For where law ends tyranny begins." Hence truancy in law is treason against liberty, and conversely loyalty to law is proof of patriotism. The patriotism of Washington will bear that test every time. Think not that Washington is dead. He is more alive a hundredfold to-day than he was a century ago. Could he have drawn such prodigious gatherings then as he draws to-day? Impossible. Yes, he lives, and his life bounds in our blood, throbs in our pulse, and nerves our hearts in the conflict for home and law.

Allow me to assume that George Washington is a citizen of our own youthful state. A noble sentiment emerges from the people's heart. The sentiment rises rapidly. Triumphantly it passes all the gauntlets—the gauntlet of a general vote; the gauntlet of debate in legislative halls; the gauntlet of the representative vote; the gauntlet of veto power; the gauntlet of appeal to the state courts; and, indirectly, the gauntlet of appeal to the supreme court of the nation. The sentiment is now organized; it is a statute—a law, and the law is constitutional. What is Washington's attitude towards its obedience and enforcement, unless the law is morally wrong? How does he regard those who secretly and openly violate the law? Does he confide in them as patriots? I believe not. Does he respect them as neutrals? Impossible. Does he view them as anarchists? With much feeling he exclaims "that is a dreadful weed, and my heart is dreadfully sad that it has taken root in this garden of God. In the disposition to disobey the statute, in the lack of loyalty to law, I see the embryo of anarchy." What is the patriotic thing to do with this embryonic lawlessness? Calmly, candidly, courageously he replies,

"crush it; treat it as Moses did the golden calf, grind it to powder and scatter its ashes to the four winds." This is a hard day for anarchy in America. For it is a day of

PATRIOTIC REVIVAL

throughout the land. My prayer is that the spirit of liberty may become potent enough to convert the board of regents; that they may bring forth the fruits worthy of repentance, by rescinding the resolution they passed some years ago, and thus take the gag from every professor's mouth and remove the gyves from every limb; so that our professors may be unfettered men in this land of the free. And by the way, who gives authority to any body, or any board to tongue-tie and handicap the liberty-loving sons of a country, wherein the sovereignty resides in the people? This query is pertinent and potent on such a day as this. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

In conclusion let us consider in what consists

THE PALLADIUM OF OUR NATION.

It is not in our *trial by jury*. For that form of defense has become a huge farce among us. Whenever intelligence becomes a disqualification to serve, not much can be expected from such service. The verdicts of juries would often make real comedies were not the interests involved so tragic. For myself I would rather trust my case to one good, sober, just judge, than to twelve such peers as are too common in the jury box. The safety of our country depends largely on the purity of homes. For "happy homes are the strongest forts." The nation needs to strengthen its *navy* to protect its commerce; it needs to strengthen its *homes* to preserve *itself*. Hence to every dollar we expend to re-enforce our navy we should lay out an eagle to enforce the laws which protect our homes. The United States, says Dr. H. L. Wayland, refuses to admit criminals or paupers from foreign countries; but all the while we are sustaining manufactories of criminals and paupers among ourselves on every corner where there is a

saloon. Is not this "*protection of home industry*" run into the ground—run *mad* he might have said.

To conserve our homes we should stiffen every sinew, nerve every fibre, converge every force, and enforce every law that looks in that direction. For "happy homes," we repeat, "are the nation's strongest forts."

The palladium of our nation is loyalty to the Lord of hosts. On our coins, above the eagle, in unique letters, are stamped, "In God we Trust." This great lesson we learned in the civil war. Let our trust in God be real, not conventional. Then we can exclaim with the patriots of Israel, "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be hurled into the heart of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. * * * The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." To be filled with such faith, in the Father of all, will enable us to fearlessly confront the future. With Edwin Arnold we may say: "What will come, and must come, shall come well;" and with the author of "America" we can sing, "The Century Hymn". 1789-1889.

Strengthened and trained by toil and tears,
Born of the bold, the brave, the free.
A nation, with its hundred years,
Its tribute brings, O Lord, to thee.

What blessings from thy sovereign hand,
What trials has the century brought !
How has this free and glorious land
Been loved, defended, led and taught !

Our cautious feet, by night, by day,
Slowly the upward path have trod,
God was our light, and God our stay,
In flood and fire, in grief and blood.

So the brave oak, in calm and storm,
Spreads its strong roots and boughs abroad,
Grows grand in grace and stalwart form,
Honored of men, and loved of God.

The century ends—our hosts in peace
Hold the broad land from sea to sea,
And every tongue and every breeze,
Swells the sweet anthem of the free.

Still may the banner of thy love
O'er all our land in glory rest—
Our heaven-appointed ægis prove,
And make the coming centuries blest.

[*Written by S. F. Smith, D. D., the Author of "America."*]

FATHER P. SMYTH'S ADDRESS.

This nation honors and will continue to honor, as long as love of liberty and just government burns in American hearts, the man whose memory is inseparably connected with the events commemorated to-day. Others, it is true, aided him in his work; but he was always their chosen leader in time of peace as well as in time of war; hence Washington is justly called the father of his country. His work was an Herculean one we should not be unmindful of; his work was a beneficent one, we are enjoying its benefits; we should prize our liberties and never be ashamed or afraid to extol them.

Like many other colonies and dependencies America lay at the feet of a foreign despot, the lash was applied to her, the stripes were upon her and her chains galled her sorely. The spirit of liberty arose within her and her crouched form arose. Erect before the world she stood and declared with all the power of her soul that she must and will be free. The unequal contest commences; the friends of humanity the world over, with suppressed breath, with eager eyes and throbbing heart view its progress. She is weak, she is inexperienced, her opponent is strong and the victor of many a well fought field; but her cause is just, her heart is pure and God's benediction is upon her. With desperate energy she rushes on the tyrant and flings him into the sea, then modestly she walks forth and takes her place among the nations of the earth, the youngest, the fairest, the best.

Liberty achieved, her difficulties were far from being ended. The difficult, the dangerous work of building up a nation was entered upon. No mind can overestimate the importance of this undertaking. On this immense and trackless continent a great nation was to be built up—a nation worthy of the men and worthy of the aspirations of the men who wrested victory from the invader—a nation combining in itself strength—essential strength—with the greatest possible amount of personal liberty. And how thoroughly they succeeded, this nation to-day, the whole liberty-loving world, the hundred years of marvelous prosperity, of true contentment, and I had almost said, of unbroken unity, emphatically testify. That marvelous system of government within government, of wheel within wheel, which is the admiration of the world was designed and set up. The tree of liberty was planted in congenial soil. Like the famous banyan tree of the East it cast out its branches to descend to the earth and become the parent stems of other trees—all bearing plentifully the fruits of prosperity, liberty and unquestioned loyalty. Thus commonwealth produced commonwealth, each perfect in its sphere all contributing to the strength not the weakness of the central power. So to-day she stands amid the nations as she has stood for a hundred years a Hercules in strength, a Socrates in wisdom and a lamb in gentleness. Peace and right ordered liberty being her mottoes, she fears no danger from within or without, for she is strong—strong in her well nigh limitless resources, but stronger still in the love and loyalty of her citizens. The struggle of a few years ago, paradoxical though it may sound, but added to her great strength. A machinist finding a weakness in some belt that binds plunges it in his fire and welds it so firmly that the once weak part becomes the strongest. Uncle Sam finding a weakness in the belt that bound these states together placed it, though with great reluctance, in the furnace of war and his boys wielded the hammer and sledge so vigorously that, my word for it, it won't snap in that place for many a year to come.

Thus, to-day, when we look back at the years of prosperity of this nation, when we glance around the world and estimate the standing armies of the nations, when we hear their growlings at one another, when we count their paupers and observe the very earth heaving beneath their feet, and again contemplate the peace, the prosperity, the contentment of our own "home of the free and land of the brave" we cheerfully predict that this nation, founded by our fathers, is but in the morning of her prosperity.

Should we but view the beneficent effects of our constitution within our own shores, our estimate would be imperfect indeed. America is truly among the nations "the city seated on a high hill," "whose light cannot be hid." Liberal-minded statesmen of the world study her as a volume of the purest, the best, the most successful political economy; the people—the masses look to her as the standard-bearer of the rights of the people as against the abuses of hereditary lawmakers and titled aristocrats, while the oppressed of the nations fly to her as a haven of safety where they may find not only rest for their feet and shelter for their heads, but a flag, a glorious flag to love, to live under, and if need be, to die for.

I can not trust myself when speaking on this great subject. I fear I shall outstep the time allotted. It is hard for one, who has spent twenty years of his life under the heel of the same tyrant from whose curse the colonists emancipated themselves, to limit himself to fifteen minutes on this occasion. I agree with the gentleman who preceded me—we adopted citizens yield to none in our loyalty to the constitution, we love as dearly as any the glorious flag of this republic and from the depths of my soul I pray:

Oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

ADDRESS BY VICE CHANCELLOR M'CLAIN OF THE
UNIVERSITY LAW DEPARTMENT.

DEVELOPMENT OF NATIONALISM.

The recent successive celebrations of various centennials have called popular attention to some of the most important phases of our history. Perhaps we may now calendar the events worthy of such recognition as follows:

1492. The awakening spirit of enterprise and investigation in the old world urged Columbus to the discovery which opened a new continent to civilization.

1620. The stern pilgrims from England seeking religious freedom and the privilege of self-government, landed on Plymouth Rock. Earlier colonists had sought the new world, but these were the first who came to found a commonwealth.

1775, April 19. At Lexington the spark was struck which kindled in the people of the separate colonies a sense of common wrong.

1776, July 4. A united people asserted their freedom and declared their independence, and in support of this declaration "with a firm reliance upon the protection of Divine Providence, they mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

1781, Nov. 19. At Yorktown the final blow was struck by which this people secured the opportunity to make for themselves a place among the nations of the earth.

1787, Sept. 17. The constitution was promulgated as a frame of government for this people; the most perfect instrument of government ever prepared in one conscious act.

1789, April 30. By virtue of the acceptance of this constitution by the people, and an election thereunder, George Washington became first president of the United States, and a nation was born.

It is but natural that on this occasion we should think much of the man who stood as the sole personal representative of the new government; yet, historically, the event was greater

than the man. Marking the beginning of our national life, it stands as an epoch in the progress of the world.

To understand the significance of the event we must note the causes which led to it, the circumstances which surrounded it, and the results which followed.

Enthusiasm born of popular indignation at wrong and injustice had been a strong bond of union during the struggle for independence, but it died with success. Statesmanship must govern the people whom sentiment had led to freedom. Depression and despair seized upon them when they contemplated their affairs. Public and private bankruptcy stared at them as sure victims. They had no national respect shown them from abroad because they had no national power at home. A mere shadow of authority mocked those who looked for a government which should secure tranquility at home and respect abroad. Between the colonies still standing apart from each other as petty sovereignties, came jealousies and contentions. Selfishness poisoned their minds and the demagogue played his little but effective part.

For instance, the colony of Connecticut laid claim to a strip of territory now constituting the northern part of Pennsylvania and under such claim the enterprising Yankees settled the beautiful valley of Wyoming. The envious Quakers, untrue to their traditions of peace and good will, sought to drive them out. The contest between Yankee and Pennemite was no less bitter than if they had been subjects of hostile kings. So where the conflicting claims of New Hampshire and New York to the region of the Green Mountains left a region open to contention among settlers, a state of border warfare seemed imminent.

It is true that provision was made in the articles of confederation for the settlement of such controversies between states, but the parties, jealous of any superior power, were unwilling to entrust their controversies to such settlement and preferred to enforce for themselves the rights which they claimed.

Indeed between the colonies there was little to indicate any ties of friendship or unity of interest. The fuel carried from Connecticut to New York had to bear a special tax, and the truckman with his flatboat taking produce to the same market was compelled to enter at the custom house as though he were carrying on foreign commerce. In retaliation the men of Connecticut combined to bring New York to terms by non-intercourse, whilst the New Jersey authorities levied a tax of \$1,800 per year upon a little lighthouse established by New York off Sandy Hook for the security of her commerce.

Thus there was a plain drift toward anarchy, from union and harmony toward dissension and discord, which showed the need of a new frame of government.

As the interests of commerce are more seriously affected than those of any other industry by disorder and distrust, so it is always a strong power tending toward stability and security. Thus the commercial interests were the first to feel the need of a new government. But the real power at work was the innate desire of the people for law and order. The ability and tendency of English-speaking people to found permanent free institutions is a historic fact nowhere better exemplified than with us. The Greek had a passion for artistic beauty, the Roman for conquest and empire; the American has a craving and a capacity for self-government.

These were the motives and forces which led to the formation of the constitution. The circumstances surrounding that act were none the less calculated to give to the new government an exalted character. The convention which framed the document was the most remarkable body of lawgivers which ever assembled. Without pomp or pretension, unconscious, in their earnest zeal, of the part they were playing in the drama of history, yet grandly conscious of the dignity of their undertaking, they brought to their work the good judgment and common sense which gave to the charter of our national government a practical form. It is the highest praise which can be bestowed on the constitutional fathers as law-makers to

say that they originated nothing; but out of the forms and doctrines which were already deeply rooted in the life and history of the people they framed a harmonious structure, each fragment retaining its original strength and yet so skilfully adapted to the others as to give strength to the whole.

We cannot at this time realize what a struggle it cost, what compromises, arguments and persuasions were necessary to secure the adoption of the constitution by the states. But at last New York forgot her selfishness and Virginia her pride, the constitution was ratified, George Washington was elected president, and on this day one hundred years ago, amid great popular rejoicing, he was installed in office, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The biographer justly extols the man, who, after being for seven years at the head of an army, and during that time the only man in the country having any general authority, could voluntarily relinquish his hold upon public affairs and retire to private life, to accept office again only when chosen in an orderly and constitutional way. The historian marvels rather at the strength and wisdom of that people which could choose so wise, so calm, so reserved, so unimpassioned a leader. The people who can choose such a leader, render their allegiance to a system rather than a man, and preserve for a century the enthusiasm for a form of government which is usually felt only for a personal ruler, gathering again at the end of that century in assemblages such as this to testify anew the warmth and constancy of the sentiment which animates them, has demonstrated its capacity for self-rule and the permanent strength of its institutions. Never was a republic founded in which so much was due to the popular will and so little to the exercise of personal power.

Washington stands typical of the event in that he was a national man, the only national man of the time. Hamilton was of New York, Madison of Virginia, Adams of Massachusetts, but Washington was of the whole people. He had led their united armies, he had presided over their constitu-

tional convention. He was a son of Virginia but the father of his country.

Thus a national government came into existence, which differed radically from the confederation which preceded it, in that it had subjects to govern, in that it had authority to make laws for them, and power to protect them, in that it had courts to settle their controversies and an executive head to enforce order and obedience.

Framed as the result of a people's necessities and longings, shaped to meet the exigencies of the time, would this government live and grow, or would it dwindle and perish? This was the problem for the century. Unless it could adapt itself to the changing condition of a progressive people, with increasing wealth, enlarging territory, and a civilization becoming constantly more complex, it must be disrupted and abandoned.

The forces which tended to separation were still strong; state pride and self-interest were still potent. Within ten years after the new government went into operation the states of Kentucky and Virginia passed their famous ordinances in opposition to the alien and sedition laws in which they asserted the right to judge for themselves as to the extent of the powers of the federal government, and the validity of its acts. Not long after, the Hartford convention, composed of delegates from the New England states assembled to protest against the embargo, made similar declarations. When the president of the United States called upon the governor of Massachusetts, as he was authorized to do by the constitution, to send the state militia into the federal service for the war of 1812, the governor assumed the right to pass upon the propriety of the president's action and refuse obedience, being supported therein by the opinions of the supreme judges of his state. And the climax of this theory of state sovereignty was reached when the state of South Carolina passed the ordinance of nullification, and forbade the enforcement of a law of the United States within her limits. The answer to this assumption of state supremacy was the grand toast of President

Andrew Jackson, "The Federal Union; it must be preserved."

Under the articles of confederation every step had been toward disunion and weakness; under the constitution every step was toward union and strength. In every controversy touching the question of federal power the national character of the government was vindicated. Nationalism prevailed over sectionalism. The mathematical axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts became also an axiom of government.

The principle of federal supremacy as to national affairs was maintained even when invoked in an unholy cause. The State of Wisconsin, forgetting her proper sphere in her righteous indignation at the atrocities of the fugitive slave law, sought to set at defiance the authority of the federal officers and courts, and to release by her state power one of her own citizens who was under arrest by federal authority. But the federal authority was vindicated and the iniquitous system of slavery was left to fall by its own hand.

In the settlement of these questions of national sovereignty there has been no power so potent as that of the Supreme Court of the United States. So far removed from popular influence that it cannot be reached by sudden gusts of passion; so exalted in dignity and independent in organization that it can have no object except to do right and declare justice; administering the "law of the land," which has been for eight centuries,—aye, from time immemorial—amongst English-speaking peoples the safeguard of private rights and the guaranty of popular liberties, this court has given to our federal government by its course of decisions the internal solidity which has enabled it to withstand the last—and I believe forever the last—great blow at our union. It needed not the clash of arms and a hard-won victory to establish the doctrine of national supremacy. The principle had long been established. That baptism of fire and tears was needed only to make the doctrine a sentiment and fix it deep in the popular heart.

And thus it became settled in legislative halls, in the courts and among the people that whilst local affairs remain within the scope of the state governments, as to which their power is sovereign, and that all powers which are not granted to the federal government are reserved to the states or the people thereof, yet that as to the powers granted the federal government is supreme; that it has the attributes of national sovereignty; that its laws and the decisions of its courts with reference to its own powers are the law of the land and binding upon every citizen thereof; and that whatever duty such citizen may owe to the state, this duty he owes to his nation as a whole, to obey its law as resting upon the highest human authority.

This thought I dwell and insist upon, that the doctrine of national unity and supremacy has worked itself out as the result of the forces which mould and form a popular government; that it has come to us through legitimate and peaceful channels; and that the rebellion of 1861 was not the means of its establishment, but the last ineffectual struggle against the logic of accomplished facts. This doctrine has not been peculiarly that of Massachusetts, nor of Virginia, not that of the North nor of the South, of the East, nor of the West, but the doctrine of unity as against division, harmony as against discord, broad liberalism as against sectional intolerance. In the triumph of this doctrine we can see, not the success of any faction or of any party, but the grand result of the action of deep-working forces which no man can measure, but which all must feel, moulding us irresistibly into one people and one nation. This doctrine gives us a government to command our respect, one country which we may love, one flag to gaze at with tear-dimmed, thankful eyes.

When our minds go back, then, from this our day to that event of a century ago, that which holds our contemplation longest and awakens the deepest gratitude, is not that the population of our country has increased from three to sixty millions; not that the narrow strip of inhabited territory

along the Atlantic has broadened until it reaches from ocean to ocean; not that our material wealth has over and over again doubled and trebled; not that our flag's blue field shows thirty-eight instead of thirteen stars, and four others ready to be added to the galaxy. No, there may be numbers without strength, broad territory feebly held together, wealth without security. But we see with pride that we are a self-governing people; that the institutions of our fore-fathers still endure, adequate and fit for our changed conditions, and in their stability and security we see the assurance of freedom and prosperity to ourselves and our children for countless generations.

MR. JUSTICE MILLER'S ARTICLE ON THE
STATE OF IOWA, IN HARPER'S
MAGAZINE, JULY, 1889.



VERY citizen of Iowa will feel a commendable pride in this paper, both as presenting a fair and brilliant picture of our Commonwealth and of its public men, and also as written by one who, called by President Lincoln from Iowa to a high office in the Nation, has now discharged the duties of that office for twenty-seven years with surpassing ability and constantly growing fame. With the fairness that has marked his whole judicial career, Justice Miller describes a number of the public men of Iowa, and with generous appreciation awards a just tribute of praise, without bias, to each one of them.

In its compact summary of early Iowa history the article falls into some inadvertencies of statement, to which the IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD ventures to refer as calling for correction in future editions of this classical contribution to the history and literature of the State.

1. It is inaccurate to say of "the State of Iowa," that "it

was organized as a Territory." "The State" was of later creation, has a different life, and is not conterminous with "the Territory of Iowa," which had a much larger area.

2. Though provision for the admission of Iowa into the Union was made by act of Congress of June 12, 1845, yet the people of Iowa rejected the boundaries fixed by that act, assent to which boundaries had been made a fundamental condition of the admission of the State into the Union under that act. The next year, August 6, 1846, Congress repealed so much of that act as related to boundaries, and in lieu thereof accepted the boundaries proposed by the State Constitutional Convention of May, 1846, and which were ratified and adopted by vote of the people of the State on the third day of August, 1846. The act "admitting the State of Iowa into the Union" was passed December 28, 1846. The subject is more fully explained in connection with the life of the Hon. A. C. Dodge, then Delegate from Iowa Territory to Congress, in the third volume of the *Record*, pp. 402-5, 409, 410.

3. The article follows sundry careless writers in speaking of the "Northwestern Territory" as "ceded" by Great Britain to the United States. The Treaty of Peace of 1783 states the actual facts of the case, that is, it acknowledges on the part of Great Britain the United States to be free, sovereign and independent, and it acknowledges a joint agreement and declaration of both parties as to what were the boundaries of the United States; among which boundaries "the middle of the Mississippi river" is expressly mentioned. It is no more proper to speak of the "Northwestern Territory" as "ceded" by Great Britain to the United States, than to apply that language to Kentucky or Vermont, or any other part of the then existing area of the United States. The British posts in the Northwestern Territory were captured by the American arms, as Burgoyne and Cornwallis were captured at Saratoga and Yorktown, and the Northwestern Territory was as much an actual and component and recognized part of the United States in the treaty of 1783 as was New York or Virginia.

4. Antoine Le Claire was not "born in Iowa," but in what is now St. Joseph, Michigan. His mother was the granddaughter of a Pottawattamie chief. *Annals of Iowa*, Oct. 1863.

5. The actual possession and control of Upper Louisiana by Spain dates from 1770 to 1803, during which period Spain asserted its government over the region now constituting the State of Iowa, as is evidenced by the concession made by the Spanish governor, Carondelet, to Julien Dubuque, to mine at the place that now bears his name, and by grants of land made to Basil Giard, in 1795, in what is now Clayton County, and to Louis Tesson Honore, in 1799, in what is now Lee County. Both the last named Spanish titles have been confirmed by the United States. They are historical proofs and vestiges of Spanish government and jurisdiction over our soil.

6. The Black Hawk war was in its inception and mainly the work of the "Rock River Band" of Sacs and Foxes. They were known and characterized as "The British Band," having taken the British side in the war of 1812, and continuing for many years afterward to make friendly visits to the British authorities at Malden, and to receive presents from them. They were all finally removed from the State of Illinois in 1831, when they stipulated in a treaty made with them by General Gaines, of the U. S. Army, and John Reynolds, Governor of Illinois, to remain on the west side of the Mississippi. In contravention of these stipulations Black Hawk with a formidable band, constituting a large portion of the Sacs and Foxes, but not the whole of them, crossed the Mississippi at the Yellow Banks, now Oquawka, on the 6th of April, 1832, not "to assist their brethren in Illinois," but, as was generally believed, in the fond hope of inducing other tribes of Indians, who had not then sold their lands in Illinois and who still remained in that State, namely, the Winnebagoes and Pottawattamies, to go with them upon the war path. The result of that war, in which all the principal chiefs and warriors of that hostile band were killed or captured, was the treaty of

September 21, 1832, and a cession to the United States not of "the larger part of what is now the State of Iowa," but of only between one-fifth and one-sixth of the area of the State of Iowa.

7. The original Territory of Wisconsin was organized in 1836. The first session of the First Legislative Assembly was held at Belmont, now Lafayette County, Wisconsin. The second and third sessions of that Assembly were held at Burlington, now Des Moines County, Iowa.

8. There is an over-statement of the gifts made by Congress to Iowa for school and university purposes. The "thirty-sixth section" of every township was not included therein, and the "five per cent. of all sales by the United States of the public lands within the State" was by constitutional provision appropriated not "to aid the University," but to the support of common schools. The place of honor which the "High Schools" have gained in our educational system is made a matter of "question," but we think the sentiment of the State tends more and more to regard them with favor as germane to the constitutional provision for "the promotion of intellectual, scientific, moral and agricultural improvement," and particularly as helpful to the lower grade of schools, both stimulating the proficiency of their pupils, and providing teachers of suitable qualification for those schools. The article falls into a confusion of statement as to "Iowa College" at Grinnell, and "Cornell College" at Mt. Vernon.

9. It is difficult with statistics to keep up with the rapid growth of the agricultural and manufacturing industries of Iowa. Both are underestimated in this article. Corn, not wheat, is our "most important" crop. The hay of Iowa is of greater value than the wheat grown in the State. The value of the products of manufacture in Iowa by the State census of 1885 was more than one-third that of the products of agriculture. The actual condition of Iowa more than justifies the glowing representation which one of her favorite and honored sons has given of the Commonwealth.

Another writer on the foregoing subject comments as follows: The papers of the State are copying the article on Iowa in the June *Harper* by Justice Miller without noting some errors in statement:

The *first* territorial legislature of Wisconsin to which Iowa was attached met in Belmont, Wisconsin; the *second* in Burlington.

The 500,000 acre grant to Iowa was not for university purposes, but was by the legislature given to the Common School Fund.

Iowa has received only the *sixteenth* section of each township for school purposes. The addition of the thirty-sixth section was authorized in 1848 and is applicable only to states admitted since 1848.

The Agricultural College at Ames is much older than the article states. Nearly twenty-one years may be called its age, as its organization was effected in 1868.

The Congregationalists will be surprised to learn that they have located "Cornell University" at Grinnell.

The Methodists have an excellent college called "Cornell College," at Mt. Vernon, while Congregationalists have another equally good called "Iowa College" at Grinnell.

What foundation is there for the statement that Iowa's state debt is \$300,000? Officials declare the State out of debt.

Great men sometimes make mistakes in minor details.

A WESTERN FORT.



SPRIGHTLY lady writer in the *Army and Navy Register* thus sketches the salient features of a United States fort and its approaches in a southwestern territory. The description, barring the sand, which does not pertain to the more northerly garrison, is applicable to the average American military post of the so-called "Frontier" of the present day.

"A wild desire to tell a great many people at once what an awful place this is invites me to write this letter. There is no place too barren, lonely, desolate, to be the home of the American soldier, of which dogmatic assertion this place is a ghastly proof. "In the beginning," these isolated old forts needed some kind of a poor *raison d'être*, some enterprising would-be

post trader, or fur trader, or gold digger, required protection from the savage owners of the land, and at great expense to the government a fort was constructed for him, and its first generation of unfortunate army people marched into it. But the worst of it is that long after the poor little *raison d'être* has passed away, except the post trader, long after the gold digger has dug all the gold, which, perhaps, wasn't there after all, and after the fur trader has stolen all the fur from the Indians, killed all the animals and driven the Indians away, the fort remains on some desolate plain or in the midst of some alkali desert, but garrisoned by faithful soldiers. The historical and military necessity which called this particular old fort into being was the need of a half-way house for the accommodation of citizens crossing the "great American desert" on their way to the gold fields of California. The old Santa Fe trail along which these good citizens crept, lies just outside our walls, I mean our barbed wire fence, and the desert stretches around us—yellow, sunbaked, sandy, tin-can strewn. So here we are now one of the many garrisons who have garrisoned this old fort, the daily roll calls still call the trim, well-disciplined, well-drilled soldiers from their low adobe quarters, the inspiring "drill call" still covers the level sandy parade ground with companies of well-drilled soldiers going through the evolutions of battalion drill, and every evening when the rays of the "westering" sun gild the old adobe barracks and make them splendid, and beautify even the dead level of the parade ground, the soldiers "turn out" in "full dress," and the officers issue from their quarters splendid, shining, and dress parade is accomplished by the aid of field music, and the day is gone, and we go in to dine as have done our predecessors since the day when the necessities of the gold digger brought us here.

"We reach this whilom hostelry now by means of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway which runs along on the other side of the river from us. We can see the trains, black lines, gliding along and hear them, but the river with its quick-

sands lies between us, and there is no bridge here. Coming to this fort, arriving at the little railway station, we have a long drive of seven or eight miles across the sandy plain; that is, if "we" are ladies or visitors; if "we" happen to be a company of soldiers we march on foot or horseback, according to the arm of the service. The station is a forlorn little collection of houses on the sandy plain, its streets and the adjacent plain thickly strewn with empty tin cans glaring in the sunshine. As we start on our drive or march to the post, the plain stretches before us, and around us yellow, sandy, sunbaked, even in the "luscious summer time" hardly a vestige of green; in summer there is a fringe of green cottonwood trees along the river bank, for there is a river, the Arkansas, crawling along on our right, which prevents this plain from being actually a veritable desert, but save the river and the little green fringe, there is nothing but the sand, the bunches of cactus and occasionally a tin can winking dismally in the sun; that is, there isn't anything else to be seen until the mirage begins to play its tricks with the plain and with us and transforms it into wonderland. Suddenly as we drive along we see in front of us a lake of blue water bordered by trees, a vast lake with little islands covered with trees, and to the north and west smaller lakes which change and vanish as we gaze at them in wonder, only the one in front of us remains, and we think that must be water. We go over a little swell in the prairie, and that lake vanishes, and only the bunches of cactus and the sandy plain lie before us. As we drive on two immense pillars rise before us in the distance; from the the edge of an ocean of blue water it looks like the ruins of a wharf, or monuments on a sea wall. We drive along and presently the pillars slowly change into two covered wagons drawn by tired horses, then we see a grove of queer-looking umbrella-shaped trees growing in an immense sweep of water and we gaze at one another in astonishment. I turn to my companion, an officer who rarely confesses ignorance on any subject, and exclaim 'What on earth is that?' and he

answers promptly, 'I don't know what in the devil that is,' which answer reduces me to silent awe, but we drive on until the grove of umbrella-shaped trees is evolved into a herd of horses. Finally we see a mass of strange-looking objects shimmering and changing, and when the mirage ceases its tricks we find that this is the fort. We drive through a rough gateway and down the line of officers' quarters. The fort is the regulation barrack square, is enclosed on the north side by the line of officers' quarters, low adobe buildings with dormer windows, in the centre of the line stands the commanding officer's quarters, on the east and west sides are the barracks, low one-story adobe buildings, on the south side is the headquarters or administration building, all these look on the level sandy parade ground. The little yards in front of the officers' quarters are thickly sodded with blue grass, and a row of cottonwood trees extends around the square, in front of the quarters. These are kept alive and green by an irrigating ditch, which is flooded from the hydrants. The post is supplied with water from the river, and each set of quarters has its hydrant and garden hose, and in summer one of our simple, innocent amusements is to give the grass its bath and drink of clear, cold water. But now the winter has come, the grass has retired, the leaves have all fallen, have been swept up and carried away by reluctant fatigue parties, and everything is gray and brown. And the old fort stands dismal and alone in the midst of the dull, level, sandy plain, but the 'inverted bowl' above us is blue, and over all the dull, level, monotony lies the bright, warm, beautiful sunlight every day; it rarely rains here and the sun shines all day long almost every day.

REUBEN JAMES.

Three ships of war had Preble when he left the Naples shore,
And the knightly king of Naples lent him seven galleys more;
And never since the Argo floated in the middle sea
Such noble men and valiant have sailed in company
As the men who went with Preble to the siege of Tripoli.
Stewart, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, how their names ring out like gold!—
Lawrence, Porter, Trippe, Macdonough, and a score as true and bold.
Every star that lights their banner tells the glory that they won;
But one common sailor's glory is the splendor of the sun.

Reuben James was first to follow when Decatur laid aboard
Of the lofty Turkish galley and in battle broke his sword.
Then the pirate captain smote him, till his blood was running fast,
And they grappled, and they struggled, and they fell beside the mast.
Close behind him Reuben battled with a dozen undismayed,
Till a bullet broke his sword arm, and he dropped the useless blade.
Then a swinging Turkish sabre clove his left and brought him low,
Like a gallant bark, dismasted, at the mercy of the foe.
Little mercy knows the corsair; high his blade was raised to slay,
When a richer prize allured him where Decatur struggling lay.
"Help!" the Turkish leader shouted, and his trusty comrade sprung,
And his scimeter like lightning o'er the Yankee captain swung.

Reuben James, disabled, armless, saw the sabre flash on high,
Saw Decatur shrink before it, heard the pirate's taunting cry,
Saw, in half the time I tell it, how a sailor brave and true
Still might show a bloody pirate what a dying man can do.
Quick he struggled, stumbling, sliding in the blood around his feet,
As the Turk a moment waited to make vengeance doubly sweet.
Swift the sabre fell, but swifter bent the sailor's head below,
And upon his fenceless forehead Reuben James received the blow!

So was saved our brave Decatur; so the common sailor died;
So the love that moves the lowly lifts the great to fame and pride.
Yet we grudge him not his honors, for whom love like this had birth,
For God never ranks His sailors by the register of earth!

—James Jeffrey Roche, in the *Boston Pilot*.

RECENT DEATHS.

JOHN BRAEKEL, born near Stuttgart, Germany, Sept. 24th, 1810, died at his home near Solon, Iowa, Oct. 8th, 1888. He came to the United States in 1828, and located in Pennsylvania, where he married Julia Margaret Metzger. They had a family of children of the unusual number of thirteen, eight of whom are living. In 1835 Braekel with his family removed to Iowa, and settled on the farm where he died after a residence there of fifty-three years. He acquired and retained the esteem of his neighbors and the community by an honest life of thrifty toil.

BREVET MAJ. GEN. EDWARD HATCH, Colonel of the 9th U. S. Cavalry, died April 11th, 1889, at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, of injuries received a few weeks previously by the upsetting of his carriage, at Fort Robinson, of which post he was in military command at the time of the accident. During the civil war Gen. Hatch was captain, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel of the 2d Iowa Cavalry and Brigadier General and brevet major general of volunteers, entering the service from his home at Muscatine in the summer of 1861. He bore a very gallant and distinguished part in many battles and campaigns, and received a wound supposed to be mortal in a cavalry affair in the rear of Memphis in the fall of 1863, but recovered. On the re-organization of the Army after the war he was commissioned colonel, the highest rank conferred in the regular army upon any volunteer from Iowa, and assigned to the command of the 9th Cavalry, one of the two colored mounted regiments, which shows the high estimate in which his war services were held by Grant and Sherman. We hope to be able to give a fuller sketch of Gen. Hatch's services and life in a future number.

NOTES.

PROF. L. F. PARKER, of Iowa College, Grinnell, having been appointed by the National Bureau of Education, to write

the history of education in Iowa, his monograph in printed form may soon be looked for by the public. The selection of Prof. Parker to perform this task, a very arduous one in the short time allotted, was wisely made through the recommendation, of Prof. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University, who has general supervision of the subject under the Bureau of Education for the whole country.

THE next October number of the HISTORICAL RECORD will be embellished with a portrait of Henry Dodge, governor of the original Wisconsin Territory, which included what is now Iowa. The portrait will be accompanied by a biographical sketch of his life, incidentally embracing much of the history of the northwest, composed by that accurate and scholarly writer, Rev. William Salter, D. D., of Burlington, to whom we have so often before incurred obligations for valuable historical papers, which have appeared in these pages.

SIMPSON AND NEWTON WHITE, brothers, with Amzi Doolittle, built and operated the first ferryboat at Burlington, in 1833. The former ran the first ferryboat between Fort Madison and Appanoose, and also built the first sawmill in Iowa, in 1835, and it was he who erected the first house in Burlington. Mrs. Reed, sister of the Whites, was the first white woman ever in Burlington. The Whites and Mrs. Reed now live in Oregon, having removed there in 1845. Simpson White was a pioneer in what are now three states—Illinois, Iowa and Oregon. He never lived in a state, however, until Oregon was admitted as such, and consequently never could vote for a president till he was forty-nine years old, when he voted for Lincoln in 1860. These items were brought out on the return of the Whites on a visit to their old homes in Illinois and Iowa three years ago, and the newspaper slip containing them was then kindly sent us by Prof. Parvin, and was deposited in the "Editor's drawer," where they have lain forgotten until now.



W. B. D. Co.
Commodore, U.S. Dragoon